ACORN

JUNE 08

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about,
Where I maie Reade all at my ease
Both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than Golde.

—Old English Song.

To

Dr. Geo. C. Thompson

Our respected Principal,
under whose kind encouragement we have labored,
we, the Class of June, '08,
dedicate this "Acorn."

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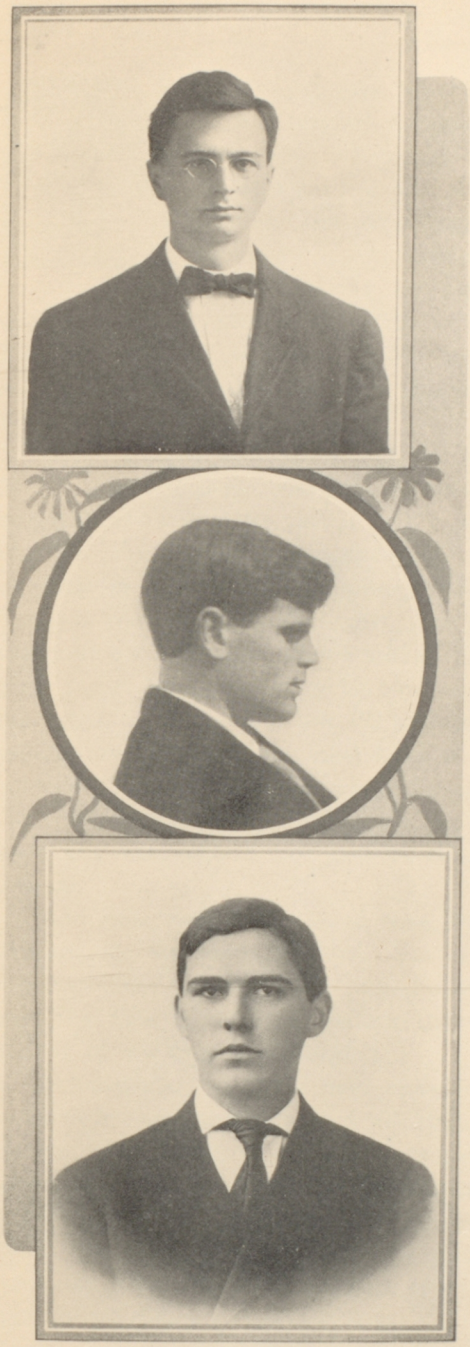


Alan Beringer

Robert Worthington

Clarence Sanborn

In Parting

AS our happy high school days draw to a close, and our Class of June, '08, has reached the goal for which it has striven,—the time of graduation—our hearts and minds are swayed by conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow, and we feel reluctant to part from our school life, teachers and schoolmates, and to know that when we go through the doors of the school building as "graduates" we will be looked upon as having finished our studies and be expected, as students, to return to its classrooms, with all their associations and pleasures, no more. Mingled with our sadness over the passing of our high school days is our pride in the knowledge that we have attained that for which we have labored in the four years past.

This occasion, with its honors and inspirations for higher ambitions in the future, is dear to each boy and girl alike, all feeling equally stout-hearted in facing the new life opening before us. We realize that it will bring to us new tasks and responsibilities; that we may become less light-hearted than now, and some may be disappointed in carrying out their present ambitions. However, in the hope of attaining his aim, each one will work with renewed zeal, strengthened by the consolation that, though success may not crown his efforts, still he has tried to do his best. None of us may make great names for ourselves or become worthy of special mention, but we are certain of this: that, as we step out into life's school, with its many teachings, of which we know so little and of which we must learn so much, we will endeavor to retain all that is noble and most elevating to character and morals; resolved on this precept: that in our contact with the new conditions, we will not lose sight of our ideals of true manhood and womanhood, nor ever be the cause of giving pain to the dear ones who love us.

And now, we, the Class of June, '08, must, with saddened hearts, take leave of you all, our esteemed Principal, dear teachers and schoolmates. Although we have anticipated the coming of this end, now that its realization is at hand and we know that from this time forward our paths will diverge, our hearts are heavy with the sense of loss of all we must leave behind.

In particular, we bid a fond adieu to you, our beloved teachers, whom we have, so often in thoughtlessness and the exuberance of youthful spirits, distressed and tormented. We thank you for your unceasing, kindly interest in all that pertained to our school life; and beg that you will remember us with at least a slight return of the sincere friendship and regard in which we, as a class, hold you. May life continue to deal kindly with each and every one, and may you never, in the years to come, have reason to regret that any member of the Class of June, '08, was at one time under your guardianship and instruction.

THE EDITOR.

The History of the Class of June, '08

IT is nearly four years since the Class of June, '08, became members of the Alameda High School. We were a body of small girls and boys at that time, although we did not realize how small we really were until we had entered. How strange everything seemed at first and how high and mighty the Seniors appeared to us! But now we, too, after four pleasant years, have reached that lofty pinnacle.

The first two years passed quickly. During our Freshman year, under the kind direction of Miss Cohen, Miss Vollmar and Miss Frisius, our class took charge of the candy booth at the athletic dance, in which we were very successful. Soon we had left behind us the trials of the Freshmen, for the next year we were Juniors, or Sophomores, as they are now called. We felt quite important, and we were proudly conscious of the fact that we could no longer be titled "scrubs." We held a few class meetings and again successfully took charge of a booth at the athletic dance, given that fall.

From the Sophomore we passed on into the Middle, or present Junior, class, and, made enthusiastic by Miss Haworth's efforts, we organized our class and elected our officers in the first term of our Junior year. In the higher term of that grade we selected our class colors and our pin.

Then at last we attained the dignified station of Seniors. The chief event of our first term as such was our dance, given in honor of the Class of December, '07, which was a great success, as everyone knows, being one of the best ever given at the Ala-

meda High. At the close of our low Senior term the resignation of Miss Hohfeld, whose loss we greatly regretted, was only compensated by the cause for it. May all happiness attend her!

And now we ourselves are "wonderful Seniors"; and although many members of the original class have been lost, there is still a goodly number. Not a few have distinguished themselves in different lines, and a majority have prepared to enter the university. The past term has proved a busy one for every member. In the early part of March we gave a theatre party, and thus spent a very pleasant evening. The choice of, and preparation for, our play, "The Private Secretary," required several weeks. We were fortunate enough to obtain Mr. Carlyle for a coach, and, as any student can testify without explanation, those who took part manifested ability and made the performance a great success. The class paper, whose merits are evident, was well supported by the students, who may be proud of their earnest efforts. The farewell dance and commencement exercises are still to follow.

And now, although we look toward the future with pleasant anticipation, yet we cannot refrain from looking back with regret over the four pleasant and profitable years which have rendered the Alameda High School dear to every heart—the Alameda High, to which we now reluctantly bid a fond farewell. E. G. G., '08.

Cherry Blossoms

Up one of the small streets of Nagasaki little Kohama San was hurrying, her arms full of cherry blossoms. She was in a dreadful hurry, and it seemed to her that her little sandaled feet had never before been so unresponsive to her needs. For was not the "Dear Grandmother" ill? And was she not carrying these blossoms and, best of all, some little rice-cakes, made by herself to the dear old lady?

That morning, in her haste, she had broken the handle of her little basket, and so she was trying to carry it under her arm, while both her hands were occupied with the flowers. It kept slipping and slipping, but she managed to keep her grip on it until almost in front of her grandparents' home when—bang! Down went the basket! Kohama San was almost ready to cry. The lovely little rice cakes must surely be broken and she ———

"Can I be of any assistance?" came a voice over her shoulder, and the little maid found herself looking into a pair of big, honest, blue eyes, set in a face not so handsome, but decidedly one to inspire confidence.

"Won't you let me help you? You have more than your arms can carry."

"You are very kind, sir. I have only a few steps to go—just to that little house with the honeysuckle over the door."

At the gate, Will Graham returned the basket rather reluctantly to its petite owner, asking, "Is this where you live?"

"Oh, no! My grandparents live here. I live—— quite a distance from here. Good-bye! You have been very kind."

"Jove! but she's pretty!" murmured Graham as she disappeared into the house. "If she wouldn't put some of the girls at home in the shade, I'll—— I'll eat my hat," he finished rather lamely. So taking up his station a short distance away, he watched and waited.

Will Graham was the son of a wealthy steel manufacturer in America. He had almost finished Harvard, when his health broke down, and the doctor ordered a long voyage. And so he had come to Japan, bringing Tom Moore, his chum, with him as a companion.

"Gee! but she is paying a long visit. Here it is almost six o'clock, and she went in there at noon. Maybe she is going to stay all night! It seems to me she might know that I——

"Hello! There she goes! She seems to be in a hurry."

However, Graham's long legs kept him just a few paces behind the little maid who had so unconsciously charmed him. After a walk of almost twenty minutes, he saw her enter a little house which stood in a garden of cherry trees, all in bloom.

"Cherry would be a good name for her. She looks like a blossom! Wonder if I can get acquainted These Japanese people are confoundedly opposed to us Americans. Wonder why?"

That night, at the hotel, he told his adventure to Tom Moore.

"Wonder who she can be? Do you suppose I'll be able to meet her?"

"Oh, I don't know! You had better not. The first thing you know, you'll be falling in love with her. Then what do you suppose the folks at home will say?"

"Jehosophat! I plum forgot! Say, Tom, there is a Jap fellow coming here tonight. He is going to arrange for a trip to that 'Holy of Holies'—Fujiyama. He ought to be here soon. Straighten up a bit, will you? These Japs are so infernally clean, he'll be having a bad opinion of us if he catches a glimpse of this room. He was an awfully nice fellow—for a Jap, I mean. Met him in the Tourists' Bureau. He told me his life story. He lives with his invalid mother and a younger sister. There! Now that looks a little better."

After a short talk with Sugahari, as his name proved to be, all the details of the trip were arranged and the prospective guide stood ready to go.

"Wait a minute, old chap," said Tom, "and we'll walk a bit with you. We always go out in the evening, so we might as well see you home."

Imagine the surprise of Graham when Sugahari stopped in front of the little house which he had seen "Cherry" enter.

"Say, old man, is this where you live? Well, who would have believed it?"

The trip to Fujiyama was a great success, and before a week had passed Graham was knocking at the door of the little house, asking for the man of the house, but ardently praying that "Cherry" would be around the place.

"I just thought I would come around and arrange for another trip. You see, Moore and I are like 'fish out of water' in this country of yours."

Just as he was beginning to think that he would have to go, or break all rules of etiquette, "Cherry" appeared at the door. Sugahari was wanted in the next room. So Graham was presented, and had a few minutes' chat while waiting for his host to return.

After that Graham was a regular visitor. It was no uncommon thing to see the big American entering the tiny house, after having left his shoes at the front door.

The invalid mother was charmed into forgetting her pain by his tales of America. Sugahari listened intently to his tales of college, and finally summoned up enough courage to borrow a few books. And Kohama San sat in her corner, eyes cast demurely down, drinking in every word that he uttered.

One evening when he came, after having tried for an hour before successfully dodging Tom, he found Sugahari out, and the "Dear Mother" sleeping peacefully after a day of great pain. So he beguiled Kohama San out into the garden.

"Do you remember the first day I ever saw you?" he asked. "Well, I named you 'Cherry' to myself. It seemed to fit you; and I've thought of you as that ever since.

"I am going away, Cherry, next week. My father has sent for me to come home. But, Cherry, if you'll say so, I'll come back soon. I'll come back and make you my wife. For I love you so, dearie. Not the way your Japanese men love you girls! More, dear, oh, so much more!

"If you'd only let me, I could teach you to ——"

"Maybe—maybe I do——"

"Ah, say it, dear. Please."

"Oh, I do love you! I do! I do! Not in the way you think we Japanese girls love! But, oh, ever so much more."

* * * * * * *

And so Graham sailed for America, to "get things ready," and Kohama San set herself to waiting, patiently, for her big lover, whom she loved and worshiped as a god.

The autumn months passed slowly. She received a few postals—mostly water-colors of cherry blossoms—but no letters. For she could not read English, and he could not write more than one or two words of endearment in Japanese.

As winter came on and she began to look for Graham's return, the poor invalid mother grew worse and worse. And the care of her fell more and more on little Kohama San. Finally, one day in February, the poor sufferer closed her eyes in her last sleep and left the little daughter very sad and lonely.

Every day she took up her station in the front part of the house and watched and waited. The days dragged so heavily, and the nights were so long, that, by the time the cherry blossoms began to appear again, she was fast becoming pale and thin.

One evening in May, she went out to gather some blossoms for the vase which she always kept near Graham's picture.

The moon rose gloriously and shone down gently on the little house in the midst of the cherry blossoms and Fujiyama in the distance. She was just wondering if her "Will" would ever come. If she would ever feel his strong arms around her again. Tonight she was lonely, and she wanted some one to love her very much.

And then like music in the distance came—

"Cherry! my Cherry! Are you there?"

And there before her stood the hero and god of all her dreams.

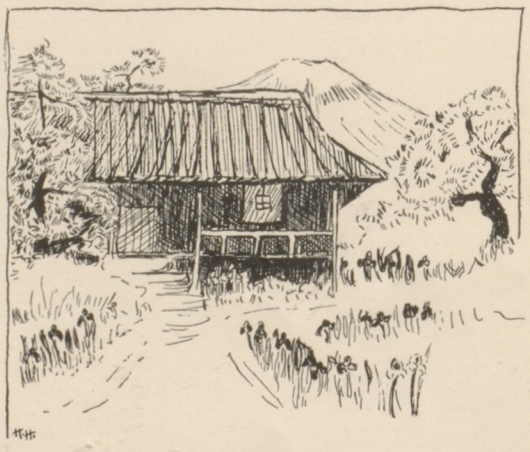
"My darling, my cherry! Did you think I had forgotten you? Were you beginning to doubt me?"

"I couldn't doubt you, for my heart wouldn't let me. I was lonely, though, very lonely. But now I am—oh, so happy."

And the cherry blossoms answered: "Oh, so happy!"

BEATRICE STEDMAN

Illustrated by Miss Helen Harsch



The Crane Cup

JONATHAN CRANE was of Puritan stock. He came, in fact, from the narrowest and most bigoted of places, Littlefield, a small New England village. He was an orphan, the last of the Littlefield Cranes, and had been brought up by his great-aunt, a maiden lady, namely, Miss Seraphina Crane.

The latter was greatly disappointed, when in spite of all her fond dreams of the eloquence of a certain young divine, when he should preach on her favorite texts, her "dear boy" refused to be a clergyman, or even a lawyer, or professional man of any kind, but just a plain, ordinary farmer, as the old lady said; despite the fact that he had spent four years at an agricultural college. The climax, however, came when Jonathan, after one of his short trips in Canadian regions, returned with a most unexpected and unwelcome acquisition, a wife.

"My poor misguided boy," his aunt was wont to say, "why, oh why, couldn't he have been content with one of his own kind? There are plenty of good, capable girls around here. Now Cynthy West is a fine cook and real handy with the needle, too, and Jane Matthews has had plenty of experience; you see she's about run that house since she was fifteen; but I suppose her blind mother would have been something of a drawback. She is rather querulous, I'll admit, but she never did pay heed to her ways when young, and now in adversity, when even the most flighty cast their burdens on the Lord, she resented it because I quoted, 'The Lord's will be done,' and 'He whom He loveth He chasteneth,' and all the rest of those comforting texts of Scripture. Yes, come to think it over, Jane Matthews' mother would have been a drawback. Still, I'd rather of had Mis' Porter's Betsey, even though she did call me an old frump, than this Celeste, with her heathenish name. No, my poor boy was entrapped, enticed into marrying this French hussy, this dancer, this card player and Catholic. She's tried all her tricks and arts that worked so well with him, on me, but I tell you, I see through it all, and she shan't come it over me."

Miss Crane was right. Her grandniece was French, a graceful dancer, had probably played cards, and was, if of any faith at all, a Catholic like her parents; but she was also, as time had shown, a good cook, a fine seamstress, a thrifty manager and a devoted wife. Now all these things had had their effect, and there is no doubt but Great-Aunt Crane would have been reconciled to her fate, had it not been for the Crane cup.

The Crane cup was over two hundred years old. It had been brought over from England by Richard Crane in 1662, when he and his family fled from the revenge of the Royalists. It was a rare old piece of china, of which Miss Seraphina was justly proud, and it always lay in its box in state, on the top of a high wardrobe in its owner's dominion, the west bedroom.

Now, unfortunately, Miss Crane had frequent attacks of rheumatism, which not only made her quite helpless, but also very cross. During one of these attacks, the old lady was seated in her armchair by the window busily knitting, when the village dressmaker (and gossip) dropped in on her way home.

"Now, Miss Crane," she said at length, "it does seem mighty queer, but my cousin, Mis' Peasely, says her husband's mother has an old cup, just for all the world like yours."

"Impossible," said Miss Crane angrily.

"Not at all, she says it's precisely like yours, even to the old motto in gilt on the side."

"The motto on my cup, the only cup of its kind, is in delft," announced its owner.

"Do tell, I was so sure it was in gilt. Seems to me I remember in looking at that scroll how the gilt——"

"There is no gilt on the cup," asserted Miss Crane. "It does seem, Melissy, as though you would give me credit for knowing what my own cup is like."

"But I thought——"

With an air of finality Miss Crane spoke to her grandniece.

"Celeste, will you kindly step upon a chair and hand me down the Crane cup?"

The girl obeyed. With tender care the old lady opened the box and brought out the famous cup with its delft motto.

"You see, Melissy," she said, triumphantly. Melissy nodded.

"Well, well, I shall just tell my cousin that it isn't like the Crane cup after all."

"There is no cup like it," serenely announced the owner. "Celeste, set it up again. I wouldn't have anything happen to it— Mercy! There, see what you've done; I had a feeling something would happen." The old lady was actually in tears, for Celeste, eagerly stepping forward, box in hand, to replace the treasure, had stumbled, fallen, dropped the box and its precious contents, and the cup lay in two pieces on the floor.

What a tempest followed. Regardless of rheumatism or anything else, Miss Crane sank onto the floor and tenderly picked up the pieces of her treasure, bestowing a sound rating on the luckless girl as she did so. That was what met Jonathan Crane's eyes when he entered, just as Melissy slipped quietly out the side door.

After the cup episode, the breach between Great-Aunt Crane and her nephew's wife widened. In vain Celeste pleaded and explained that it was an accident. In vain Jonathan himself in his clumsy way tried to smooth matters over, and with the greatest care and ingenuity and the best rock cement mended the ill-fated cup. The irascible old lady was inconsolable. None of Celeste's tact and efforts at atonement, none of Jonathan's ever-increasing gifts and favors restored the family peace. As winter set in and she was confined to the house, she became almost unendurable, especially when the snow banked up against the walls of the cottage and so cut them off completely from the outside world.

One evening she lay propped up in bed, with her ever-present knitting by her side and Baxter's "Saints' Rest" in her hand. The candle burned dimly by her bed, for this determined individual was grievously opposed to anything so modern as the large lamp used by her nephew.

"Why, I've always used a candle since I can remember, and I rather think I'm not going to change my ways for that piece of humanity there."

Celeste, after many endeavors to suit the old lady, had seated herself by the bright fire in the adjoining room to await the return of Jonathan, who had waded through the snow to a committee meeting. The old rocking-chair was very comfortable and she swayed lazily to and fro, humming softly to herself, and from time to time glancing at the open book on her lap. The warmth had a soothing effect, and before she realized it she had drifted into the land of dreams; to the old home in sunny France, to the little cabin in the Canadian woods, to the exciting life of the last few months, to the eventful night when Jonathan—but here she awoke with a start, for her tortoise-shell cat, finding the hearth rather a hard bed, had hopped into his mistress' lap.

Celeste looked up; the hands of the tall clock in the corner pointed to a quarter of eleven. Jonathan was late; perhaps he was having trouble in making his way through the drifts. An odor of burnt woolen became noticeable. She glanced apprehensively at the fire, but perceived nothing unusual among the glowing logs. The odor became more and more apparent, and a curl of smoke issued from the door of the west bedroom. She rushed in, and gave a horrified exclamation at the sight which met her eyes.

There lay Miss Crane, almost as she had left her, fast asleep. But with some

incautious movement of her arm, she had overturned the candle, which stood on her table by the bedside, and the table cover and patchwork bedquilt were in flames.

Quickly and with a strangled cry, Celeste rushed to the bed, and half dragged, half carried her dazed aunt and the smoldering blanket through the sitting-room out of the side door into the snow. Back she went, and, pulling a heavy rug off the floor, she ran outside and wrapped it around the now thoroughly frightened old lady, effectually smothering the tongues of flame that were just beginning to make their way up her flannel night-dress.

In the midst of the confusion, Jonathan Crane himself came striding through the drifts, and with his two strong, willing hands seized the burning bedclothes and threw them out the window into the snow.

On the morning following, when Celeste awoke, she found herself comfortably ensconced among the pillows, her badly burned hands and arms swathed in soothing bandages. Looking dreamily around, she realized that that was not her room, and the stern simplicity with which it was furnished proclaimed it to be the domicile of Miss Seraphina Crane, and yes, she was actually lying in the high old four-poster belonging to that worthy dame.

Just then the door opened and its owner appeared, a bowl of steaming broth in her hand. Setting it to one side, she went quietly up to the bed and stood there looking smilingly down at its occupant.

"You're a smart girl," she said. "I'm not the least bit hurt; you saved my life and I'm mighty grateful"—and as the girl's eyes traveled to the box on top of the wardrobe, Miss Crane stooped down and kissed her. "Celeste," she said, gently, "you shall have the Crane cup."

EDITH L. HUNT.

Ten Years After

THE convict gave a deep sigh of relief as the last light in the elegant mansion which he had long been contemplating was extinguished. The silent, muffled figure lit his dark lantern, and with the cautious, well-trained tread of a professional, crept to the back of the house.

The once handsome, stalwart figure was slightly bent now, and the once secretive mouth seemed to have taken on a sullen, sneering look, as if tired of the world in general. The deep blue eyes had lost their lustre, and the soft, curly black hair had been shaved close to the head. For had he not a few days before escaped from the penitentiary?

Ten years before, when a handsome youth of eighteen, he had bade farewell to the little home in T——. How handsome the fresh, manly face looked! And how full of promise the future seemed for him, as he told his mother not to worry as he would soon return from the far West with a fortune. And the frail girl whom he had called his sweetheart, how sad the parting had been to her! They were engaged. He had promised to come back soon, and then what a beautiful home they would build with the money he had made, and how happy they would be. But as the slender figure waved him a final good-bye, her heart misgave her, and the big brown eyes filled with tears which she had bravely tried to hold back.

Soon, without his mother's kind care, he became reckless. He craved gambling and drinking, the sad lot of many who sought fortunes in the far West. How vividly he could recall the night on which, half crazed by having lost his last cent, he aimed and fired, killing the man who had won his money. He fled, but they tracked him, and for eight long years he had toiled in the penitentiary. However, his active brain had never been at rest, and a well-formed plan gave him a chance of escape.

The wretched mother, hearing no tidings of her wayward son, watched and waited in vain, and finally died, with her son's name on her lips. And the sweetheart? It is easy for youth to forget. She had been wooed and won by a rich banker. Her home was afforded with every luxury which money could buy. But alas! money cannot buy love. Long ago she had given her heart to the sweetheart of her youth.

The convict forced an entrance at the rear of the house. Softly, stealthily he crept along. The dining-room was reached. Noiselessly he placed the handsomely chased silver in his sack. Silently he ascended the stairs. It surely required a professional's nerveless skill to enter those silent bedrooms. A little filing, and the door of the bedroom yielded. He turned the lantern cautiously around to get the lay of the room. It stopped, and the hand that held it trembled slightly. The faint rays fell on the bed, on which lay a child of three years or more. The face was distorted and a deathlike pallor had settled on the features. Where had he seen that face before? It seemed to awaken some long-forgotten memory.

The child stirred and moaned as if in great pain, and the little limbs twitched. The face of the convict softened slightly at the sight of a child in pain. But there was not an instant to lose. At any moment the child might cry out or moan in the convulsions which seemed to have seized it. He threw one more glance at the face which had so unconsciously stirred his heart, and then turned to the bureau. Three tiny rings, a gold necklace and a silver mirror were quickly slipped into the sack. He was about to open a jewel case, when his eyes fell on a picture in a silver frame. He started, and dropped the box. Could he ever forget that dear face, the curly brown hair or the tear-bedimmed brown eyes, as he bade her good-bye so many years ago? So this was her home and that was her child, who was probably dying at this very moment. His thoughts flew back to his boyhood days, to his mother and the little home he had left. What a life he had led since then!

A slight moan and a stir on the bed recalled him to his senses. He turned to the bed and snatched the child from it, imprinting a long kiss on the distorted features which so resembled those of the picture. Swiftly he descended the stairs and left the house, running to the nearest doctor's.

The doctor eyed him suspiciously, but the frantic gestures of the convict caused him to turn to the child. For an hour they both worked silently over the dying child, and, when the moaning had ceased and the little one slept peacefully, the two sat for a long time in silence.

Then the doctor turned to him and asked him if the child was his, and how he happened to run the risk of bringing the little sufferer out insteading of sending for aid.

"Well, you see, doctor, it was just this way—" and the convict told his story to the man who had just saved all that was dear to the sweetheart of his youth. "I suppose you'll call in the police and give me up. It doesn't make much difference. I haven't anything to live for."

"Why should I do that? You have saved a life tonight at the risk of your liberty. Surely there must be some reward. Here is some money; go and find a bed, and tomorrow if you will come around I may be able to help you start over. Now I must take this child home. I think I will explain to the mother. She will understand, and it may make her feel happy to know that she has influenced a man for the good. Good-night."

M. FISHER, '08.

Horoscope of Class of June, '08

Name	Appearance	Besetting Sin	Favorite Song	Hobby	Destiny
Stanley Behneman	"Slanty"	His uniform	"Hiram Green, Good-bye"	Choo-choos	Conductor on Alameda Local
Gladys Brooks	Disinterested	Sponging	"Experience"	Eng. compositions	Writer of short stories
Karl Chapman	Soldier boy	First Corps Cadet	"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"	Going to drill	Director at West Point
Myra Clothier	Saintly	Hasn't any	"Holy City"	Knowing her lessons	"Drawing angels down"
Myrtle Fisher	Substantial	Being saucy	"Has Your Mother Any More Like You"	Hairdressing	Pres. "Sunset Club"
Elva Fulmer	Dainty	Practising	"The Shade of the Palms"	"Those horrid Yankees"	Paderewski II
Edith Gale	Quiet	Studying	"The Door of Hope"	Latin	Agent for the R. & G.
Edith Hunt	Petite	French	"Waiting at the Church"	The boys	School-mar'm
Fred Johnson	"Pretty" boy	Holding the girls' hands	"How'd You Like to Spoon with Me?"	Queening	Bachelor
Muriel Killam	All over in one place	Her importance	"If I Were on the Stage"	Acting	Circus lady
Paul Kuhns	"Holy"	Annoying Vega in S. B. History	"Teasing"	Playing minister in Senior farces	Country parson
Eugene Littleton	Sticky	Using big words	"I May Be Crazy, but I Ain't No Fool"	Spieling	Book agent
Gertrude Meysel	Saucy	Her eyes	"Making Eyes"	Flirting	College widow
Vega Miller	Chic	Marcel waves	"Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"	Taking things easy	Leslie Carter II
Olga Russell	Reserved	Chewing gum	"I Would if I Could, but I Can't"	History reports	Undecided
Clarence Sanborn	Manly	Bashfulness	"All the Girls Love Me"	Talking to Gladys	Undertaker
Hermina Schlageter	Husky	Being absent	"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"	Basket-ball	Instructress of Physical Culture at U. C.
Bessie Searle	Roly-poly	Cases	"No Doubt You'd Like to Cuddle up to Baby"	Harry H.	Ask Harry
Ruth Shreve	Innocent	Being good	"Baby Mine"	Kindness	Nun
Beatrice Stedman	Coquettish	Giggling	"Believe Me"	Talking in History period	Matron in deaf and dumb asylum
Neill Wilson	Abbreviated	The girls	"Everybody's Awfully Good to Me"	Rallies	Speaker of the House
Robert Worthington	Heroic	Mathematics	"They Say He Went to College	Football	Stanford Coach
Margaret Spence	Demure	Turning around	"Love Me, and the World Is Mine"	Making fudge	Boarding-house lady

"The Private Secretary"

THE Senior Class presented its play, "The Private Secretary," on the evening of May 1st, and it proved to be a tremendous success. The roles of all the players were well sustained, and Miss Beatrice Stedman, who took the part of "Miss Ashford, the medium," was exceptionally good. Two specialties, the "Florodora Sextet," and the "Matinée Girls' Parade," were introduced, and they proved pleasing features of the evening. The synopsis of "The Private Secretary" is as follows:

Douglas Cattermole, the hero of the play, has a wealthy uncle whom he has never seen. This uncle has an idea that no young man is of any account until he has sown his wild oats, and so refuses to help his nephew in a financial way until he has done so. This Douglas finds rather hard to do, but to help his friend, Harry Marsland, out of a difficulty, he signs a note for three hundred pounds. The note falls due, and Sidney Gibson, the tailor, to whom it is owing, tries to collect it, and is forcibly ejected by the young men. He becomes infuriated and threatens to serve them with a writ.

Now, Harry has received an invitation to his Uncle Marsland's country house, and is instructed to bring down his uncle's new private secretary, the Rev. Robert Spaulding. To escape the writ, Douglas disguises himself as Spaulding, and goes with Harry, leaving the real secretary in his rooms in London. Gibson returns and, finding the young men away, guesses where they have gone, and follows them.

Then old Mr. Cattermole arrives and finds Spaulding, whom he takes for his nephew. He is very much disgusted with him, and, after thoroughly frightening him and Mrs. Stead, Douglas's landlady, he leaves in a great huff.

Harry and Douglas arrive at the country place, and Douglas becomes much interested in Edith Marsland, Mr. Marsland's daughter, and Harry in Eva Webster, Edith's companion. Douglas finds that it will be his duty to instruct the girls, and he is placed under the supervision of the girls' governess, Miss Ashford, who is, supposedly, his mother's old friend; thus making the situation very comical. Old Mr. Cattermole arrives, and is much taken with Harry and Douglas, in contrast to his own nephew. Then Gibson comes on the scene, and, to prevent him from serving his writ, Harry has to introduce him as one of his friends, much to Gibson's delight. Soon Spaulding arrives on account of a belated telegram, and is discovered by old Cattermole, who becomes very angry at finding his miserable nephew there. So he tells Douglas to get rid of him. This Douglas is very anxious to do himself, but Miss Ashford, who is a spiritualist, takes the stranger for a medium whom Douglas has promised to send for. Thus it comes about that old Cattermole, Douglas, and Miss Ashford are all trying to hide Spaulding from the others in the house, and he gets rather roughly handled.

In the meantime, Gibson becomes intoxicated, and tries to measure every one for a coat of some kind. In consequence, he is ordered to leave, but he sees Spaulding's feet from under a curtain, and takes him for a burglar. He decides, therefore, to redeem himself by capturing him, but his courage fails and he leaves the work to John, the servant, who ties him to a chair. Then Marsland comes in and tries to find out who he is, but before they can untie him, Miss Ashford appears and thinks that the supposed medium is going to demonstrate how to untie himself. Here Knox, a writ-server, makes his appearance, and taking Spaulding for Douglas Cattermole, serves him with the writ, and old Cattermole acknowledges that he is his nephew. But Gibson, disappointed at the failure of his attempt to capture the burglar, points to the disguised secretary as the real Douglas Cattermole. Old Cattermole is much pleased with his new nephew and proposes to Marsland that he, Douglas, should marry Edith in accordance with their old plan. Marsland objects, and suggests Eva as a sensible girl.

Then Harry tells his uncle that Eva has promised to marry him, so Marsland consents to the union of Douglas and Edith, and "they all live happily ever after."

THE CAST

Mr. Marsland, M. F. H.	Eugene Littleton
Harry Marsland (his nephew)	Neill Wilson
Mr. Cattermole	Metcalfe Simonson
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew)	Robert Worthington
Rev. Robert Spaulding	George Browning
Mr. Sidney Gibson (the tailor)	John Coyle
Knox (a writ-server) / John (a servant)	Alan Beringer
Edith Marsland (daughter of Mr. Marsland)	Miss Vega Miller
Eva Webster (her friend and companion)	Miss Bessie Searle
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' landlady)	Miss Gertrude Meysel
Miss Ashford	Miss Beatrice Stedman

Those taking part in the specialties were:

"Florodora Sextet"—Reita Burke, Marjorie Emmons, Dorothy Tisdale, Alice Teller, Olga Russell, and Edna Hickok, Meridith Parker, Harry Kassebaum, Ed Anthony, Cary Troy, Ed Seagrave, and Fred Greenwell.

"Matinée Girls' Parade"—Dolores Bradley, Irma Young, Sylvia McCurrie, Myra Clothier, Ruth Shreve, Myrtle Fisher, Muriel Killam, and Minnie Anderson.

A Simple Illustration

THERE'S a certain English class, whose members, as I have no reason to disbelieve, are endowed with a keenly developed knowledge of literary discrimination. Their youthful intellects determine final conclusions, merely at a glance. And their judgment, once passed, either glorifies a poet or casts him into a doom of oblivion.

Some persons have said that youth is apt to judge in haste, and lose the medium in wild extreme. Not so this class of critics. Calmly and deliberately they pick up the great and glorious Milton, turn him over, frown, and toss him to one side, in much the same way that a small boy would handle a rotten apple which had been given him with the good side up. The deep thought, the variety, the delicacy, the sublimity of Milton's work have no favorable effect upon this body. They think that if poetry is the morning dream of great men, then Milton must have had a terrible nightmare.

Not only Milton, but Wordsworth comes in for his share of condemnation. His "Intimations of Immortality" is quickly denounced. "It is too deep, too strange, too thoughtful. We can say the words, but the thought is not sufficiently evident, hence we cannot perceive any benefit to be derived from its study."

On the contrary, Keats and Tennyson are just "dears." Why is Keats so well liked by this bunch of youthful admirers? Because he is simple and because his works embody the love of beauty only. Why Tennyson? Because he is simple and sentimental. His brave knights and pretty maidens have caused many a heart to leap with pleasure. And if we should put side by side "Paradise Lost" and "The Miller's Daughter," there would be no question as to which would receive the preference.

Why is it that one type of poetry attracts, and another repels? Why does this English class like one and rebel against the other? To the person who can view the whole matter from an elevated position this has some significance. Possibly the significance involves the definition of poetry, but more probably that significance involves a comparison of the character of the ages when these poems were written and the character of our own age. It has been said that if you would understand an author, you must understand his age; and it is difficult indeed for us, in our age characterized by unlimited pleasure-seeking, fashion show, rush, narrowness of thought, and love of outward beauty, to picture the stern, cold, moral, Puritanic age of Milton.

Hence it is that Keats, with his love of beauty, and Tennyson with sentimentality find a firmer place with our readers than Milton with his deep, thoughtful, moral tone, and Wordsworth with his philosophy in the poem on "Immortality."

K. C., June, '08.

"Acorn" Staff of June, 1908

Editor-in-Chief ..... Elva S. Fulmer
Stories ..... Beatrice Stedman
Class History ..... Edith Gale
Horoscope ..... Vega Miller
Girls' Reporter ..... Bessie Searle
Boys' Reporter ..... Neill Wilson
Girls' Athletics ..... Hermina Schlageter
Boys' Athletics ..... Karl Chapman
Joshes ..... Eugene Littleton
Art ..... Alan Beringer, Metcalfe Simonson, Muriel Killam
Manager ..... Paul Kuhns
Assistant Manager ..... Karl Chapman

OFFICERS OF CLASS OF JUNE, 1908

High Junior Term

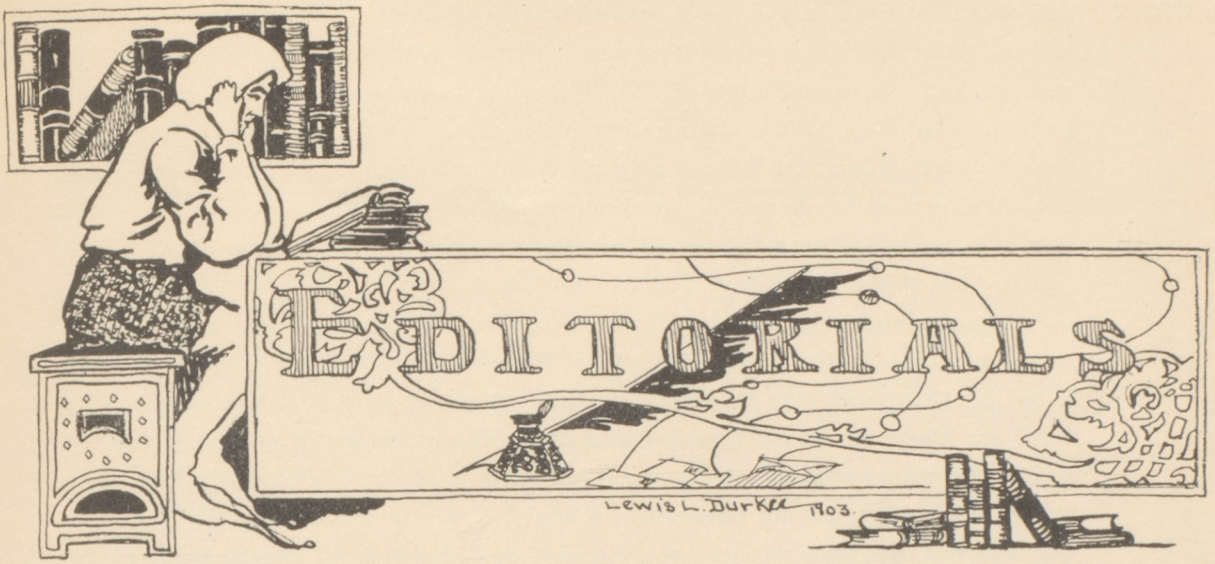
President ..... Eugene Littleton
Vice-President ..... Mary Teller
Secretary ..... Grace Noble
Treasurer ..... Paul Kuhns

Low Senior Term

President ..... Neill Wilson
Vice-President ..... Mary Teller
Secretary ..... Alan Beringer
Treasurer ..... Stanley Behneman

High Senior Term

President ..... Neill Wilson
Vice-President ..... Bessie Searle
Secretary ..... Alan Beringer
Treasurer ..... Stanley Behneman



"The Acorn"

Entered in the Postoffice at Alameda, Cal., as Second-Class Mail Matter

A PASSING TRIBUTE

The entire school, and we, the graduating class, in particular, greatly regretted the loss of our dearly loved teacher, Miss Rose Hohfeld, on the eve of our entrance into the High Senior term. We had hoped to keep her with us until our class, at least, had been graduated; but found, to our great disappointment, that she preferred devoting her time to a class of only one. So we have tried to console ourselves with the thought that her present class is not the source of anxiety and trouble to her that we were, and does not need reproving as her larger class did, and never has to be sent to the office. Though she has lost a place in the school, as Mrs. Sidney Haslett she will always be held in the highest esteem by her former pupils, and we wish her all the joy and happiness that is possible.

IN BEHALF OF "THE ACORN"

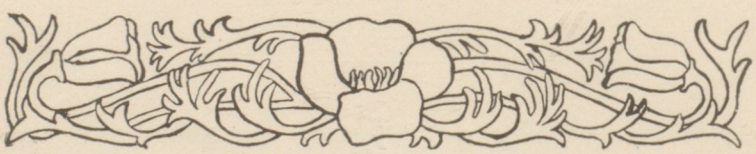
For the past two or three years the members of this High School, with the exception of about twenty, have done practically nothing, except in a financial way, toward the support of their school paper. I am speaking of the regular issues of "The Acorn"

and not of the Senior edition; for the Senior Class regards its paper as a class affair, and rightfully and well supports it as such.. But the school at large does not feel the same pride in the regular issues of "The Acorn." The editor and his staff are elected, and from that time on the entire responsibility rests on their shoulders. Now, they cannot do everything, and the students can do something to help, and that something is to write articles for the paper. Send in material, and do not force your editor, whose duty it is not to find material, but to judge of and select it, to go around and beseech you to "just this once, write something for 'The Acorn'"

Why should the editor, even if he were capable, bear the whole burden and, at the same time, be expected to keep his scholarship up to the standard of the rest of us? Why should he, who gets no encouragement and very little praise, but, on the other hand, the blame for all the defects that many are prone to see in its pages, have the work to do almost unaided, when there are so many other demands upon his little spare time? It is neither just nor reasonable. Wake up, students of Alameda High! Remember that this is a paper of some four hundred and fifty and not one of about twenty students, and if you will exert yourselves you will have the gratitude of your editor and be much better satisfied with the future "Acorns."

IN PRAISE OF OUR SCHOOL

The young people who are so fortunate as to become students in this school have cause to feel very proud of the fine, large building, surrounded by its beautiful grounds of well-kept lawns, vari-colored flowers and clinging vines. Visitors never fail to pass favorable comment upon its attractiveness, and give us further reason to believe that our High School building is finer and more imposing than any one that the other bay cities can boast of.



School Notes

There has been a new feature introduced into the Alameda High School, which has proved to be a great success. Our high school has always been noted for its sociability, and this term a very good example of this was shown when the upper-class girls gave an informal entertainment to the Freshman girls, in order to make them feel more at home in their new surroundings.

Miss Bradley acted as chairman and opened the program with a few welcoming remarks. The program, which follows, was greatly enjoyed by both the new girls and the rest of the girl scholars who did not participate in it.

Grand March ..... Miss Vaughn
Recitation ..... Miss Ansel
Piano Solo ..... Miss Fulmer
Recitation ..... Miss Levy
Vocal Solo ..... Miss Anderson
"Experience" ..... { Seniors ..... Misses Emmons, Meredith, Davis
Freshmen ... Misses Clarke, Pattiani, Standefer

Dancing concluded the afternoon. We sincerely hope that this precedent which we have established will become a custom.

On the 28th of February, the Low Seniors gave their customary dance in our honor. Much taste was displayed in the decorations of the hall, and the music, furnished by Yanke's Orchestra, was, as usual, greatly enjoyed. The class merits much credit for their painstaking efforts in making the evening the delightful success that it proved.

The graduating class, chaperoned by Miss Haworth, gave a most enjoyable theater party on March 13th. The class occupied the boxes on one side of Ye Liberty Playhouse, and witnessed the presentation of "In the Bishop's Carriage." Refreshments were enjoyed by the members after the theater, and all pronounced the evening a most pleasant and long-to-be-remembered one.

At a meeting of the Associated Students on April the 16th, the members of last year's baseball team, which came out victorious over the other schools, and which succeeded in taking the cup away from Lick, and giving Alameda High a right to claim it for that season, were presented with little gold baseballs. Until last season, it had been the custom of the A. A. L. to present these trophies to the winners; but at that time it was decided that individual prizes should not be given. So, in order to show its appreciation of the splendid work done by its team, the school itself proposed to award the trophies. However, as the school was not then in a very good financial condition, and as some expense would necessarily be incurred to carry out the proposed plan, it was not convenient to give the baseballs until recently. Even though they had to wait a long time for them, we know that those who received them were much pleased with the tokens of the school's regard.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk with the Associated Students

The same old question! How many times has it been discussed, analyzed, and reviewed? Somewhere deep down at the foundation there is something wrong with the organization of the "Associated Students."

"Deep down"—well, let us go down as far as possible. The Freshmen! There is where the fault lies. The students of Alameda High have the idea in their heads that Freshmen should be "seen and not heard." And so the poor little Freshies come up to their first Students' Meeting with their poor little knees quaking and their poor thumping little hearts in their mouths. Then the "high and mighty Seniors" stand up and discuss and decide all questions before the house.

The Alameda High School is not run merely for the benefit of the Seniors, nor for the benefit of Seniors and Juniors. Everyone should take an active part in all matters. But they don't! And so, when the Freshmen become Sophomores they are still timid about speaking. They have been silent too long. By the time they are Juniors some of the bolder ones may get up and with quivering voices make a few hasty remarks and then sit down, scared half to death. That is why the Seniors have the floor all the time.

Because they are afraid to get up and speak, the Students' Meetings soon become a bore. So they move the seats, scrape their feet, talk, and make a general disturbance. Then the Seniors wonder why so little attention is paid to anyone speaking before the Alameda High. The poor little Freshies and the Sophomores have been bored so long that they never take the trouble to see if what is being said is of any interest.

If one adds to this lack of interest the fact that our meetings are conducted in a very disorderly and informal manner, is it any wonder that they are so very noisy? Such a lack of form! How can anyone expect a large assembly to pay attention to form and order in important matters when things are let slide so shamefully in lesser matters?

The officers of this association should be chosen with regard to their executive ability, and not their popularity. Then a change of tactics should be brought about regarding the Freshmen. Make them feel that they are one of us, and you will find that the disorder will decrease and more interest will be taken in all the affairs of the Alameda High School.

B. S., June, '08.

Temple of Fame

"But there are deeds, which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither."

FACULTY

DR. THOMPSON: "We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
MISS HAWORTH: "She is noblest, being good."
MR. GILBERTSON: "You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown."
MISS WHITE: "Kind, good and gracious."
MISS DU BOIS: "Fresh and young and fair and wise."
MR. MINIUM: "Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

ASSORTED

SENIORS: "Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."
POSTGRADUATES: "I do haunt thee still."
COACH CARLYLE: "The windows were all full of heddes,
As hee passed bye."
A. S.—A. H. S.: "A living, moving, seething mass."
JOSH EDITOR: "Let him be kept from paper, pen and ink,
So he may cease to write, and learn to think."
OUR FRIEND "NICK": "None but himself
Can be his parallel."
FRESHMEN: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."
GLEE CLUB: "Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

MIXED

"SANDY" SANBORN: "Was ever man so grandly made as he?"
"DOT" BRADLEY: "To all she was polite without parade."
"GENE" LITTLETON: "This young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me."
MYRA CLOTHIER: "Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla."
"BOB" WORTHINGTON: "None but the brave deserve the fair."
GERTIE MEYSEL:
BESSIE SEARLE: } "Companions that do converse and waste their time together."
FRED JOHNSON: "A finished gentleman from top to toe."
"CHET" TUFTS: "The very pink of perfection."
BOLIVAR JURADO: "He has a distinguished foreign air."
IONE CONNOR: "Straight and lissome as a willow wand."
"MINI" BRUSH: "As became a noble knight, was gracious to the ladies."
CARY TROY: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"
"MACK" MACFARLAND: "I am not lean enough to be thought a good scholar."
"ED" SEAGRAVE: "A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."
"HAK" KASSELBAUM: "He dances, I say, right well,
With emphasis and also with good sense."

"YUM YUM": "I do but sing because I must."
JACK COYLE: "The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet show."
"SHY" SEAGRAVE: "Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside."
"JACK" TUFTS: "I am a sweet-faced youth."

Who's Who

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As I sit musing in my study there comes a vision of the Class of June, '08. Memory fails me, and their names have slipped away, but I see them distinctly. What is that noise? A giggle—ah, now I see the cause of it. Before me is a short, stout young lady. She mysteriously appeared from the mist which surrounds me. Her face is bedecked with smiles, and I see a merry twinkle in her eyes. She is the merriest member of the class. But who is that following closely behind her? Her hair is "Titian," bright and beautiful as the setting sun, her complexion real and divine! A tall, demure young lady and a dark-haired miss of medium height seem to be industriously devouring a book. I thought so—'tis a "Hinsdale." Yes, they are the stars of the Civics Class. Behind them slowly walks a tall, dark girl chewing gum. Quickly rushes past a priestly looking gentleman with jet black hair and large glasses, every day a manager. The class fashion plates come from the mist: a lady beautiful to look upon, with a marcel wave sublime, and a pretty gentleman, very pleasing to the young ladies. Who are these who break the silence by their incessant chatter? A young boy and girl, coming pell-mell through the mist. It is the famed debater and his clever friend with a will of her own. Lo! why gazes the smallest lady of the class from her algebra upon two passersby? One is a girl, most willing to boss, and the other a large, husky boy with few words and many blushes. Who can this be? Now I see more clearly. I'm sure it is the Daughter of the Confederacy having an argument with a boy noted for his large words. I wonder why this fair-haired young man, who seems to be a native of Kansas, is hurrying to walk with a young lady wearing a First Corps Cadet cap. I cannot describe the two quiet young ladies who just passed, because they disappeared too quickly into the mist. As well as I remember, both names begin with "S." Can it be possible that I hear a German conversation? Yes, it is true, for I see a studious looking treasurer conversing with the artist of the class. A curly-haired young damsel fluttered by. She is still fit to be a society leader. Last, but not least, walks the largest of our class. His stern countenance reminds me of a Gibson face.

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ATHLETICS

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Baseball

WITH Spencer Brush as captain, Neill Wilson as manager, and Tom Kelly as coach, the A. H. S. has turned out another crack baseball team. Under the supervision of these three, one could not expect other than the best.

At the end of the last baseball season, the champion team showed its fine judgment by choosing "Mini" Brush to captain this year's team. No better choice could have been made, for the crack little pitcher has entered the game with a vim and spirit that will surely land his team on top.

The term had hardly started when the team began to turn out to practice, and it soon became evident that a manager and a coach were needed. The Executive Committee got busy and elected Neill Wilson to fill the place of manager. Neill was reluctant to act at first, on account of his many studies and numerous other school offices; but finally he accepted, and things have been quite lively in the baseball department ever since. We only need mention the numerous practice games, the fine trips and the splendid results, and we can readily see that Neill always keeps an eye to the windward for his team.

The first and best move of the manager was to secure as coach the services of Mr. Thomas Kelley, a veteran baseball player of many professional games. There are no points in the game that Tom does not know, and it took him a very short time indeed to put the team in fine playing shape. The result of the many games played so far this season is proof enough that Tom knows how to put ginger into the boys.

But a captain, manager and coach cannot make all of a baseball team, and fully as much credit is due to the other members, who by their spirit, skill and hard work have put the team where it is.

A great deal of credit is due to Russel McFarland, the veteran catcher of the A. H. S. team. "Mac" is always in the game, and it is a lucky "cuss" who steals a base on "Bonce." In a tight pinch, also, when a base-hit was needed, "Cut" is always there like a "duck." Harry Kassebaum plays at first base, and he, beyond a doubt, is the right man in the right place at the right time. Who could ask more. Out at second base we have Gelderman, humming that familiar ballad, "Where the Pretzel Vines Grow." But let him hum, for we know that all is well at station No. 2, while "Lurgie" is on the watch. At short-stop we find "Boy" Gay, a veteran of last year's team. A steadier and more aggressive player could not be found. It's a great relief to see the ball go Gay's way, for we know it will be well handled. Paul Mackie holds down third base, and he does it well, too. He is not only a third baseman, but a pitcher also. He is only a Freshman, and next year we can safely say that "Kisses" will be one of the mainstays of the team. In the outfield we find Kues, Kiser and Johnson, all three of whom are strong, heady players. Kues is an old-timer and a very valuable man. Kiser is a new man, who has made good. Seldom a game passes without "Fat's" clotting the ball for a two-bagger. Johnson, a substitute of last year's team, is playing fine ball this year. He plays infield positions equally as well as outfield ones. Murphy is a general all-around player. He can play any position, and is a valuable addition. As substitutes, Miller and Seagraves fill the bill, and each has shown up well.

The games played so far this season have ended as follows:

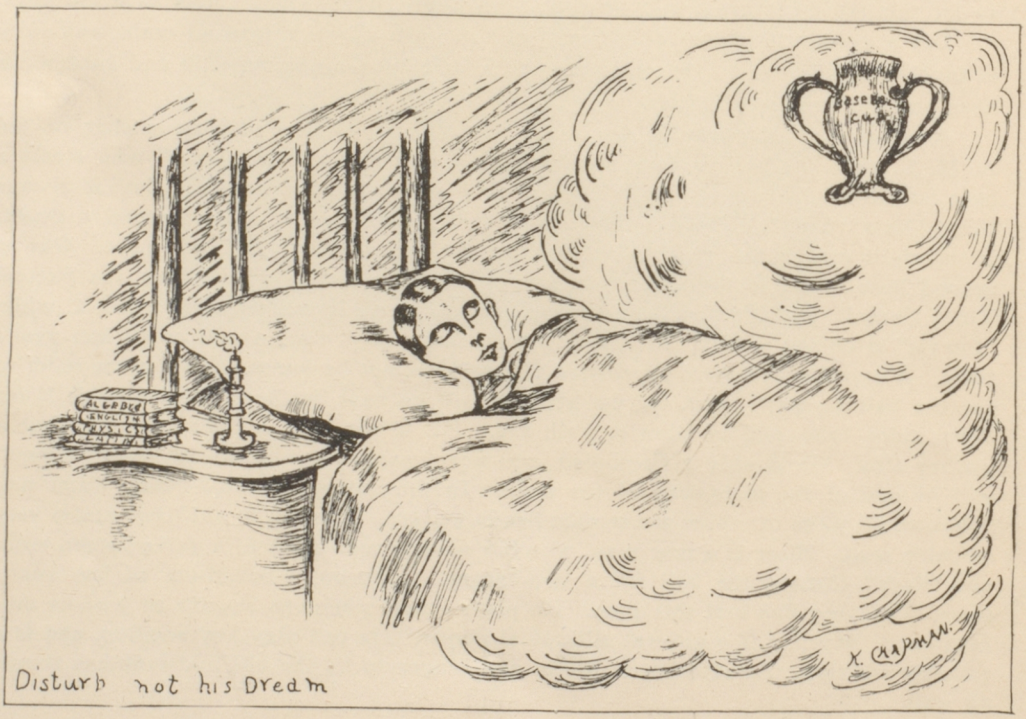
PRACTICE GAMES

Heald's Business College	0	A. H. S. 19
Polytechnic Business College	1	A. H. S. 12
Deaf and Dumb Institute	2	A. H. S. 15
Lowell High	2	A. H. S. 10
Woodland High	4	A. H. S. 8
San Jose	0	A. H. S. 3
San Jose	1	A. H. S. 0
San Jose (ten innings)	0	A. H. S. 1
St. Mary's	7	A. H. S. 2
St. Mary's	3	A. H. S. 2
St. Mary's	4	A. H. S. 2
Belmont	1	A. H. S. 7
St. Ignatius	4	A. H. S. 24
U. C. Freshmen	4	A. H. S. 10
Mt. Tamalpais	4	A. H. S. 10
San Rafael	2	A. H. S. 11

LEAGUE GAMES

Anderson's Military Academy	0	A. H. S. 18
Oakland High	4	A. H. S. 3
Oakland Polytechnic	0	A. H. S. 9

K. R. CHAPMAN, '08.



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Track

At no time since the earthquake has track material turned out in such full force as this term. Long and short-distance, high and broad jump, hammer-throw and shot-put men and all-around athletes, when all are training on the court back of the school, make an inspiring sight indeed to the passerby.

Under the leadership of Captain Perkins and such veteran high school athletes as Macauley and Worthington, pleasing results encourage each day's work. The men have been training hard since the term began, and are getting anxious to test their skill. On account of some reason or other, the entries for the A. A. L. meet arrived too late, and our men could not compete.

To create interest and to pick the best men, an interclass meet was held on March 1st. The Sophomore and Junior classes struggled for highest honors. By winning the relay, the Juniors won the day, with Sophomores second, and Freshmen third.

Soon after, the track team went to Vacaville to compete with the high school

athletes there. Although they lost, the trip did the men a world of good. The Vacaville students entertained in fine style after the meet.

The next big meet to occur is the Stanford Interscholastic. Alameda High will be represented by five capable men. The entries for this meet are Macauley, Etter and Perkins, for the sprints, while Shattuck and Thorpe will do the long-distance races.

Macauley's record stands for itself, and without a doubt he will repeat his performances of last year. In the 220 and 440-yard races, "Mac" holds the Interscholastic records. In the fifty and hundred-yard dashes, Etter shows up best and will certainly hold his own in the coming event. Captain Tim Perkins has been training very hard and carefully for some time. He expects to win in the races, and he will, too. Tim is a sticker. Shattuck and Thorpe are both long-distance men. It is hard to tell which is the best man. Shattuck is an old-timer and is as good in a two-mile race as he is in a one-mile. He also puts the shot. Thorpe is a Freshman athlete and already he can hold his own with Shattuck. He is the best broad jumper in the school and does himself credit in the high jump. Considering the fact that this is Thorpe's first year at track, next year's career for him looks exceptionally bright. Spence and Kassebaum are the high jumpers, and both will win many points for the A. H. S. Naylor, Johnson and Cummings have been showing up well, and each promises to make a better showing than ever next term.

A dual meet with Fruitvale will take place in a few days. This will precede the Stanford meet.

K. R. CHAPMAN, '08.

Tennis

Through the untiring efforts of Heath Angelo, tennis in the A. H. S. has become a more firmly established athletic sport. Although the boys have not yet made their debut against any other school, they have been working hard among themselves. Early in the term, a few boys assembled and organized a Boys' Tennis Association. The election of officers resulted as follows: Heath Angelo, president; Jack Rene, vice-president; Ernest Brown, secretary, and Wilbur Morrow, treasurer.

Not long after their organization, the members of the club held a tournament for their own benefit. With an admission fee of twenty-five cents, any student in the school could take part in the tournament. All students were cordially invited. The tournament ended very successfully, and Spencer Brush proved to be the victor.

This term the players have soundly established the sport in the A. H. S. Next term, they expect to enter into competition with other schools. Many reasons point to their success, and there are no arguments why tennis should not become a popular sport in the A. H. S.

K. R. CHAPMAN, '08.

Girls' Athletics

The Alameda High School girls have had a very prosperous season in basket-ball, despite the fact that they were defeated in some of the numerous games they played.

Near the first of the term, the girls went up to Healdsburg and had a most delightful time, although they lost the game.

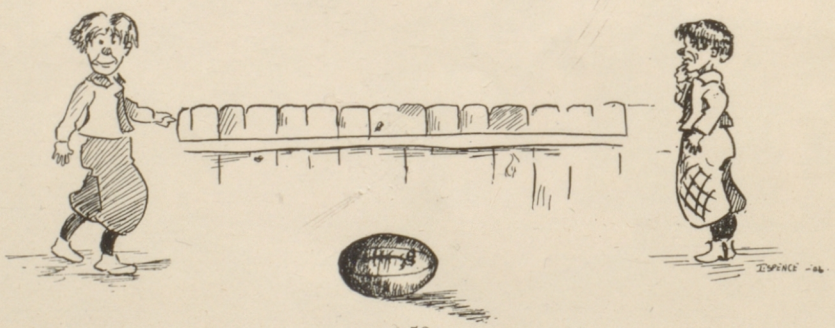
Several interesting practice games were played, one with Berkeley High, in which Alameda was defeated, and another with California College. In the game with California College, Alameda won by a score of 40-4, and although the teams were not well matched, it was a very good game. The opposing team was rather inexperienced, but as they have good material, their prospects are bright.

The winning of the Fruitvale game on March 28th decided the sub-league championship. This was a hotly contested game, and after a hard struggle the score stood 29-16, in favor of Alameda. Very effective work was done by the goals and particularly by the captain, Miss Diamond.

In the semi-final game, played with Healdsburg at the Cadet Armory, in Oakland, the Alameda girls lost. The game, however, was even closer than the score indicates, and at no time was the victory for Healdsburg assured.

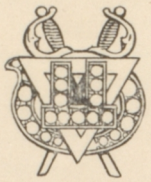
Mr. Gray, of the Reliance Club, Oakland, ably coached the team, and the success the girls have had is partly due to him.

Tennis does not play a very important part in girls' athletics. The boys have a very good team, and the girls could have a team just as good if they were sufficiently interested. The school made a great effort to get the tennis courts, and it seems a shame that there is this lack of interest among the girls.



FRATERNITIES
K CHAPMAN.

Pi Delta Koppa



Founded at Michigan Military Academy, 1880

California Eta Chapter, Established 1902

Post Graduate

S. Montgomery Haslett, Jr.

Graduate

Frederick M. Johnson

Seniors

Spencer Brush

Meredith Parker

Juniors

Earle L. Scofield

Kenneth W. Abbott

Alfred J. Geldermann

Sophomores

Merrill T. Miller

Frederick I. Greenwell

Charles S. Dodge

Chester Eschern

Edwin R. Anthony, Jr.

Pledged

Phillip A. Wiggin

Max Willkomm

Alpha Sigma

Eta Chapter

Senior B

Olga Russell — Marguerite Parr

Ruth Holt

Senior A

Ione Connor — Mildred Lansing

Jessie Hall

Junior B

Harriett Figg

Junior A

Alice Teller — Reita Burke

Sophomore B

Marjorie Emmons — Dorothy Tisdale

Lorraine Jordan — Hazel Naylor

Marguerite Morbio

Sophomore A

Theo Spaulding — Leslie Grieg

Marjorie Haight

High Freshmen

Helen Johnson — Edna Hickok

Meade Bissell

Alumnæ

Hazel Holt — Ruth Tisdale

Emmy Lemcke — Edith Cramer

Pledged

Marie Tyson

Gamma Chapter

(April 5, 1905)

Fratres in Schola

1908

Clarence B. Sanborn
Cary A. Troy
Chester V. Tufts

1909

Maurice Kebby

1910

Charles E. Gibbs
Charles S. Murphy
F. Lynde Burger
Robert D. Cortelyou

1911

Alexander M. Baum

The Delta Omicron Fraternity is at present mourning the loss of a beloved brother and a true friend, Frank J. O'Brien.

Delta Sigma Theta

Delta Chapter

Seniors

Wynne Meredith
Gladys Brooks

Juniors

Marion Troy
Mary De Witt
Ethel Porter
Hazel Cockroft
Margaret Pewtress
Georgia Meredith
Lura Ruddell

Sophomores

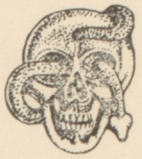
Bessie Troy
Lelia Letson

Freshmen

Ethel Cameron
Pauline Smith
Dorothy Kuchel
Bernice Brooks

Pledged Members

Ruth Soule
Beatrice Willison



Founded February 28, 1905

June, '05

Josephine Keenan
Alice Mauer
Ethel O'Brien
Hope Cortelyou
Eleanor French
Alice Harrington
Maude Fisher
Frances Amann

December, '05

Gertrude Comfort

June, '06

Helen White
Ella Shreve
Bessie Pratt
Bessie Penfield

December, '06

Jane Becker
Ida Spence
Grace Renner
Marjorie Cockroft
Jean Tyson
Adele Ehrenberg

June, '07

Viola Minor
Edith Cameron
Emmy Lemcke
Gertrude Postel
Minnie Anderson
Roberta Haslett

December, '07

Mann Henkenius
Jane Cooper
Sylvia McCurrie
Caro Simonson
Dolores Bradley

June, '08

Ruth Shreve
Gladys Brooks
Margaret Spence

December, '08

Mary Teller
Erna Seegar

Phi Lambda Epsilon

(Founded February 12, 1892)

Chapter Roll

Arizona Alpha ..... Tucson High School, Tucson, Ariz.
California Alpha ..... San Francisco Polytechnic High School, San Francisco, Cal.
California Beta ..... Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.
California Gamma ..... Santa Rosa High School, Santa Rosa, Cal.
California Delta ..... Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.
Colorado Alpha ..... Pueblo High School, Pueblo, Colo.
Colorado Beta ..... Lincoln High School, Pueblo, Colo.
Colorado Gamma ..... Colorado Springs High School, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Colorado Delta ..... West Denver High School, Denver, Colo.
Colorado Epsilon ..... Manual Training High School, Denver, Colo.
Illinois Alpha ..... Peoria High School, Peoria, Ill.
Illinois Beta ..... Bloomington High School, Bloomington, Ill.
Iowa Alpha ..... Keokuk High School, Keokuk, Iowa
Iowa Beta ..... Des Moines High School, Des Moines, Iowa
Kansas Alpha ..... Topeka High School, Topeka, Kans.
Kansas Beta ..... McKinley High School, Wichita, Kans.
Kansas Gamma ..... Wichita High School, Wichita, Kans.
Missouri Alpha ..... Clinton Military Academy, Clinton, Mo.
Missouri Beta ..... Warrensburg Military Academy, Warrensburg, Mo.
Missouri Gamma ..... Kirksville High School, Kirksville, Mo.
Missouri Delta ..... Kemper Military Academy, Boonsville, Mo.
Missouri Epsilon ..... Marmaduke Military Academy, Sweet Springs, Mo.
Missouri Eta ..... Sedalia High School, Sedalia, Mo.
Missouri Theta ..... Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Missouri Iota ..... Springfield High School, Springfield, Mo.
Missouri Lambda ..... St. Joseph High School, St. Joseph, Mo.
Missouri Mu ..... St. Louis High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Missouri Nu ..... Sub Rosa
Missouri Xi ..... St. Joplin High School, St. Joplin, Mo.
Missouri Omicron ..... Centennial High School, Mexico, Mo.
Montana Alpha ..... Helena High School, Helena, Mont.
Nebraska Alpha ..... Lincoln High School, Lincoln, Neb.
Nebraska Beta ..... Omaha High School, Omaha, Neb.
New Mexico Alpha ..... Las Vegas High School, Las Vegas, N. M.
Texas Alpha ..... Dallas High School, Dallas, Tex.
Washington Alpha ..... Tacoma High School, Tacoma, Wash.
Washington Beta ..... Seattle High School, Seattle, Wash.

Phi Lambda Epsilon

California Delta Chapter, Established March 21, 1908

Honorary Member

Harry Davis

Alumni

David J. Clark
Kenneth J. Staniford
Howard H. Fassett
Joseph B. Emmal
Helmut H. Hinch
A. Loris Dexter

Active

Graduate

Paul H. Kuhns

Junior

John Siegfried

Sophomore

William H. Gale
Edward F. Seagrave

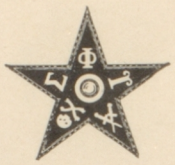
Freshmen

John T. Coyle
George L. Davis
Harry V. Adams
Lawrence H. Ives

Pledged

J. Clair Seagrave

Sigma Phi Upsilon



Epsilon Chapter

Founded November 5, 1892

Alumni

Harry Sepulveda — Theo Searle

Post Graduates

Browning Dexter — George Browning

1908

Henry Guerin* — Harold Percival*

1909

Henry Rassebaum — Heath Angelo

1910

Jack René — Harold Naylor

Pledged

Homer Spence

* Absent on leave

Phi Kappa Epsilon

Gamma Chapter

Founded January 7, 1907

Fratres ex Schola

Don E. Bailey

Luman L. Chandler

Joe Barnson Bruzzone

Fratres in Schola

Seniors

Edward A. Macaulay

Elmer E. Woodward*

Juniors

Charles T. Perkins

E. Bruzzone

Sophomores

Omer Etter

Chapter Roll

Alpha ..... Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco

Beta ..... Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.

Gamma ..... Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.

Delta (dormant) ..... Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal.

Epsilon ..... Berkeley Preparatory School, Berkeley, Cal.

---

* Absent on leave

Mask and Book

Gamma Chapter

Alumni

Edmund S. Brush
Harry N. Nason
William S. Everts
Byron H. Paul
Theodore S. Lynch
Alan D. Field
Alfred L. Sundell
Henry Jackson

Members in School

Post Graduate

S. M. Haslett, Jr.

June, 1908

Clarence Sanborn
Frederick M. Johnson

December, 1908

F. Spencer Brush, Jr.
Cary A. Troy
Merideth Parker

June, 1909

Earle L. Scofield

Chapter Roll

Alpha ..... Oakland High School
Beta ..... Sacramento High School
Gamma ..... Alameda High School
Delta ..... Stockton High School

Delta Sigma Gamma

Graduates

Myrtle Fisher
Bessie Searle
Beatrice Stedman

In School

Ruby Forderer
Helen Harsch
Lolita Moore
Marion Rhoades
Edna Wittman

Out of School

Florence Hay
Anita Junkins
Jane Morris
Clara Martin

Joshes

It was at the low Senior dance. The evening was warm and the young gentleman's hands were moist. Gloves are not allowed in Alameda. The young lady with whom he danced feared for her delicate silk dress. "Won't you please use your handkerchief?" she said sweetly. "Won't you please use your handkerchief when you are dancing with me?"

"Certainly," said the Freshman, taking a well-grown bandana from his pocket and blowing a tremendous blast upon his nose. "Is that better?"

TOGO MIKADO- OKAWA

"O Ikey, change de skylights. Here's a customer wants a blue suit."

Kelly's prophecy—"By all the gods in 'Gayley's Myths,' you'll win that game tomorrow!"

Miss Stedman—"The sun is shining on my face."
Mr. Gilbertson—"Close it."
(Query: What could he have meant by that?)

Miss Morgan (calling roll in Low Soph. History)—"Chester?"

C. Tufts—"Hello!"

Miss M.—"If you please, I am not working in a telephone office."

Mr. G. (in S. B. History)—"There was nothing left after the surrender at Appomattox, except the backbone of the army."

Paul K.—"Oh,—something like the turkey, eh?"

Sample of Freshman composition—"Irving was in a narrow ravine on a path winding up."

We wonder what Mr. Gilbertson could have meant when he said: "Miss Stedman, you may leave the room. Miss Fisher, you may go to——"

Miss Garretson—"Mr. Kuhns, can you answer the question?"

P. K. (awakening)—"Er-r-r—what's trumps?"

TRUCK-KUES MAKES A ONE BAGGER

STUPID ERNEST

Lucille—"Don't you like Ernest?"

Margaret—"No, I don't."

Lucille—"Why?"

Margaret—"Well, he was up at the house last night, and I undertook to show him how well I could whistle."

Lucille—"Well, what of that?"

Margaret—"A great deal of that. I just puckered up my lips as sweet and pretty as I could, and then——"

Lucille—"Well, what then?"

Margaret—"He just let me go on and whistle."

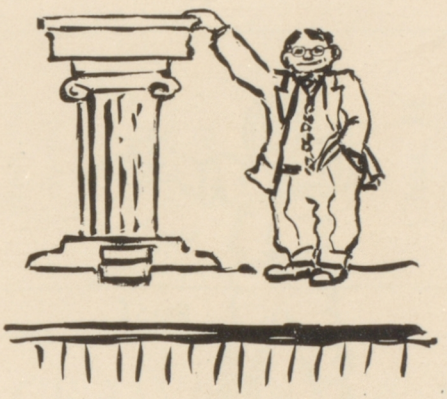
Lucille—"How mean!"

He sent his son to college,
And now he cries, "Alack,
I spent a thousand dollars,
And I got a quarter-back!"

Dorothy T.—"Fred has been eating licorice today."
Edna H.—"Why, is there any on my face?"

"What is this history?" "A blank, my lord."

In school we should have some more Troys,
In fire drills to help girls keep their poise,
For in one of these days
When a catch he assays,
He'll catch too much avoirdupois.



Mr. Minium—"The momentum of a train running at the rate of fifteen miles per hour would carry the whole train eight hundred feet up a one per cent grade."

G. B.—"Well, wouldn't it make some difference how long that eight hundred feet was?"

Guess who is "Slower than molasses in January."

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful."

Guess "Who thinks too little, and talks too much."

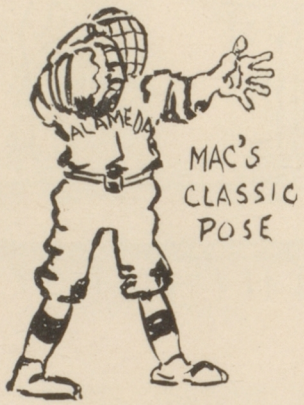
Seniors' apostrophe to diplomas: "Thou art so near, and yet so far!"

Student to Spence—"Is this solution here an alkali or an acid?"
Spence (scornfully)—"What do you take me for—a piece of litmus paper?"

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin."

"Forget your bumps, get out of your dumps."

Mr. G. (in High Soph. History)—"Speaking of Napoleon's invasion of Austria: that was a terrible nervy thing for him to do."
Fred G.—"Yes, awful crusty."



Acknowledgment

The Senior Class extends thanks to those merchants who, by contributing their advertisements to this edition of "The Acorn," gave it financial assistance.

By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold; by doze is everlastigly blaguing, so that I dever cad talk

The Correct Clothes For Summer Wear

Snappy college effects, coats long, flare to the skirt, broad shoulders, trousers wide at the hip, little larger in the legs to about 17 inches at bottom, vest full of novelty effects *and the price—under* 1908.

C. J. Heeseman
For Classy Clothes

THE STORE WITH ELEVEN NUMBERS, 1107-1117 WASHINGTON STREET

Alameda people while in Oakland are requested to call in, use our phone (no charge) leave packages, or meet their friends. You are welcome.

Chas. H. Wood
Optician
1153 Washington
Near 13th
Sign "The Winking Eye"

Goods Promptly Delivered — Phone Alameda 458

J. S. CRAWFORD & CO.
Groceries and Provisions

Isleton Creamery Butter — 1364 Park Street — *Try Our Olive Oil*

UP-TO-DATE SPORTING GOODS
PIERCE, RAMBLER AND TRIBUNE BICYCLES
ED. W. HOFFMAN
Phone Alameda 999 — Chestnut Station

plaid. I have tried every thig id the world to prevedt it, but the cold will cub in spite of be. Subber ad widter, it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd ob the year. I've tried every systeb ob bedicid,

but id vaid. All kides of teas, drobs, add old wibbed's dostrubs have bid tried. I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb, dothig keep be frob catchig cold.

"The Morton"

Will carry a complete line of Stationery and Novelties

H. C. SMITH, Prop.

MORTON STATION ALAMEDA

R. G. Eimer Electrical Co.

Gas and Electric Fixtures

—Wiring and Supplies—

F. N. KILLAM, Manager 1348 Park Street

BASEBALL AND TRACK GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE

Maxwell's

481—14th Street 1164-1166 Washington Street

OAKLAND

FRED MILLER, in charge of department.

Announcement

It affords me great pleasure to advise you that I have associated myself with the

MODEL CLOTHES SHOP

1337-1339 PARK STREET, at Alameda Avenue

Where a first-class tailoring establishment will be conducted in conjunction with the other departments. A fine selection of imported and domestic woolens will always be kept on hand. I shall continue to treat my patrons and customers with the same courtesy as heretofore. I thank you for past patronage and anticipate your future favors. Respectfully yours,

Formerly Bay Station

J. H. Weinstock

SANFORD & LICK

BAY STATION

Meats, Poultry, Fish and Game Phones Alameda 438, 439

I ab dot rich, I ab dot poor; but I rather be a beggar, ad orgad grider's budkey, the beadest thig you could dabe—adythig—rather thad be a bad with a stopped up doze. I ab very fod of wibbed's society, but I dare dot go idto cubpady; people are

too polite to evidce disgust, but everybody becubs udeasy whedever I vedture dear theb. I wad't to barry; but doboddy will have be with my doze—dever! dever! Oh, I ab idcodeceivably udhappy!

Don Morris *says*—

$1.50 Cluett Shirts - - - - -	$ .90
3.00 Sweaters (all wool) - - - -	1.25
3.50 Glendale Hats - - - - -	2.50

Don Morris, 1062 Washington St.
OAKLAND

HARDWARE BAKERY

BAYNE & CO.

Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

1716 LINCOLN AVENUE
Grand Street Station

Phone Alameda 485 ALAMEDA

THE CITY BOOK STORE

A. C. BANNING

For your high grade stationery. We have a complete line. We can please the most fastidious. A full line of school books and supplies carried at all times.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, UPHOLSTERING, MATTRESS MAKING, CARPETS CLEANED AND LAID

A. KIST

Phone Alameda 409 **2316-20 Santa Clara Ave.**

Pupil in Latin translates, "Rex fugit—the king flees."
Professor—"Now, change it to the perfect tense."
Pupil—"The king has flees."—Ex.

Professor—"What are you doing? Learning anything?"
Student—"I don't know, sir; I'm listening to you."

ALAMEDA FLORAL CO.
FLORISTS AND SEEDMEN
CUT FLOWERS TO ORDER..FIRST CLASS SEED ALWAYS ON HAND
PHONE ALAMEDA 591 1251 PARK STREET

HEIM & WOLFF
DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CANDIES
PARTIES SUPPLIED WITH
ICE CREAM, ICES AND SHERBETS
PHONE ALAMEDA 556
1426 PARK STREET

Telephone Alameda 23 Automobile Delivery
L. WARNKE
GROCER
2101-2103 Lincoln Avenue, Corner Willow

Poultry and Fish Established 1876
W. H. NOY CO., INC.
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH MEATS
Phones Alameda 414 and 461 PALACE MARKET Bay Station, Railroad Ave.

J. B. VOSBURGH CO., INC.
HARDWARE
FINE CUTLERY AMMUNITION
PHONE ALAMEDA 5502 1433 PARK STREET, ALAMEDA

Doctor (to student)—"How do you know that this is the skull of a woman?"
Student (after long deliberation)—"By the worn appearance of the jaws."

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

Tennis Rackets Tennis Balls

SHIVELY BROS.

Successors to DEXTER

2303 CENTRAL AVE., ALAMEDA

Racket Covers Nets

Phone Alameda 1487 Prices Very Reasonable

HARRY LINDEN

LADIES' TAILOR

Suits made to order. Ladies' and gentlemen's garments cleaned, pressed and repaired

2325 Central Ave., near Park Street Alameda, California

We are always right in

FULL DRESS SHIRTS, FANCY VESTS, UP-TO-DATE HOSIERY

LOEWE & WILKENS

WATCH INSPECTOR S. P. R. R. CO. PHONE OAKLAND 61

R. W. EDWARDS

JEWELER

CLASS PINS TO ORDER CUT GLASS

ESTABLISHED 1879 1117-1119 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

USE MELOLA CREAM

For Chapped Face and Hands

F. BINDER, Pharmacist

S. W. Cor. Park Street and Central Avenue ALAMEDA

(Extract from a letter of a sentimental traveling schoolgirl.)—"We sat in a gondola on the bay of Venice, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—Ex.

We wonder why, after he had given every individual in the class a fifth section, Mr. Minium called students of the Senior Physics Class stars of the fifth magnitude.

Elite Hair Dressing Parlor

MANICURINC, FACE MASSAGE
SHAMPOOING, SCALP
TREATMENT

Phone Alameda 1749 *2307 Central Avenue*

This number of "*The Acorn*"

has been printed by

The Stanley-Taylor Company

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
PRINTERS

554-562 Bryant Street, San Francisco

J. J. KREIG J. M. HALTON

THE TOGGERY

Up-to-date SHIRTS and TIES a Specialty

1431 Park Street Alameda

ISLAND CREAMERY

F. H. DANIELS

Our butter is churned every day
on the premises

1350 Park Street
Phone Alameda 61

Pat—"Did Casey win the three-mile swim the other day?"
Mike—"No, he swam two moiles, and thin got tired, and swam back."

Teacher—"What was that noise I heard?"
Voice from rear—"Sulphurated hydrogen escaping."

PROSSER'S PHARMACY

Prescription Druggists

We manufacture all our own candies, creams and ices. None but the purest goods used. We make special prices to churches and clubs. We deliver any quantity to any part of the city.

CHESTNUT STATION — PARK AND SANTA CLARA AVENUE

GO TO **DAMES** FOR YOUR

Candy and Ice Cream

PALATABLE, PURE AND WHOLESOME

1342 Park Street — Phone Alameda 1983

B. F. OWNENS — Phone Alameda 740

PURITY HOME BAKERY

Finest Bread, Cakes and Pastry

Strictly Home Made

1319 Park Street — Opposite Park Hotel

ICE CREAM — ICE CREAM SODA

NYLANDER'S

A. C. HELMKEN

Phone Alameda 2282 — 1427 Park Street

Phone Alameda 2305 — 1325 Park Street

PALM CYCLERY

New Wheels and Repairing

Wheels called for and delivered — **Baby Carriage Tires put on**

He—"I am going to 'phone to someone, and ask to call."
She—"Oh, please make it someone I don't like. I want to see her stung."

At a musical soirée a lady, after executing an interminable piano solo, faints dead away. A gentleman, with great promptitude, seizes a glass of water and administers a few drops to the lady, who revives. Then, with a compassionate cry, "Now for the other sufferer!" he pours the remainder of the water into the piano.

B. OHLSON

COLLEGE
TAILOR

A Choice Selection of
Spring Goods
Just Arrived

1327 Park Street Phone Alameda 1091

Cuts

in this Magazine made by

The Commercial Art Co.

Cor. West Mission and Brady Sts.

San Francisco

Telephone Market 1514

Housemaid—"It does my heart good to see you and the baby together. It's a pretty picture. Sure, he's the image of you."

RIGHT AT YOUR DOOR

The City Market

Finest and most sanitary place of its kind in the West

Everything that's good to eat

Combs & Fisher
Meat, Fish and Poultry Dept.

U. S. Troili
Groceries

Fruit, Delicatessen, Dairy Produce and Bakery Departments

SANTA CLARA AVE. AND PARK ST.

A. O. Gott
Jeweler and Optician

We make Class Pins and Medals

1363 Park Street Alameda

Hartley's
School Supplies, Stationery and Novelties

Postals a Specialty 1349 Park Street

J. E. BAKER, *President* CHAS. E. TABOR, *Cashier*

ALAMEDA SAVINGS BANK

Receives deposits of $1.00 and upwards

Deposits, $1,800,000 Accounts, $10,629

Watch HAUCH'S SPECIALS

THEY ARE

MONEY SAVERS

1411 Park Street Phone Alameda 34

Fond Mother—"But they all say that he looks like his father, Mary."
Housemaid—"Bless your soul, mum! he's not good-looking enough for that."

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito politely, as he sank half an inch into the man's limb.

WEST END CASH MARKET
W. T. IVES, Proprietor
Full line of Choice Fresh and Salted Meats
Delivered to any part of the city
Phone Alameda 1504 1542 WEBSTER ST. Alameda, California

EDWARD STAHLE
Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor
Branch Office Cascade Laundry
RAZORS HONED
1547 Webster Street West End, Alameda, California

W. H. ROBINSON, D. D. S.
1325 PARK STREET
ALAMEDA CALIFORNIA

ETTER & CO.
1231 and 1233 Park Street
ALAMEDA, CAL.
Telephone Alameda 483
Groceries
Fresh Groceries, Kitchen Utensils, Fruits and Vegetables

BROWNING
Groceries, Fruits and Produce
Webster and Haight Sts., Alameda, Cal.

Hunting, Fishing, Outing and Sporting Goods
Low prices. This ad taken in part payment
SHREVE & BARBER CO.
1023 Market Street, San Francisco

Oh, no," answered the man. "How do I strike you?" (smashing at him with a book).

We note that the temperance lecture, delivered at the beginning of the term, has done some good. The President of the Associated Students may be seen every noon in the Jersey Creamery drinking——milk!!

"The Hastings"

Spring and Summer Styles Now Ready

IN

Young Men's Clothes

The Hastings Clothing Co.

POST AND GRANT AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO

"Get the Park Habit"

PARK THEATRE High Class Vaudeville

Moving Pictures, Illustrated Songs, Four Reels of Pictures. Matinees Daily at 3:30. Admission 5c

Except Saturdays and Sundays

Prices, Evenings, 10c. Reserved, 15c. *Change of Program Monday and Thursday*

OLIVE JAMES

ALAMEDA'S LEADING MILLINER

IS NOW DISPLAYING

New Spring and Summer Millinery

1359 PARK STREET

"If dirt were trumps, what hands we would hold."

We wonder why Murphy is so anxious to return to Woodland.

In speaking of the girl to whom he was engaged, he referred to her as his "finance." "You mean your fiancée, I guess. It is pronounced, fee-ong-say," said his friend. "I don't care how it is pronounced; this girl is my finance. She is worth $30,000."

Carrol Hats

Our Salesmen have never faced a head they couldn't fit with a properly becoming hat.

Paul T. Carrol

Sole Agent for Knox and Carrol Hats

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(At 11:30 p. m.) He—"I suppose when you put your foot down on a thing, it goes." She—"Yes,—I wish I could put my foot down on you."

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